

December 13, 2021



CITY OF PITTSBURGH BUREAU OF POLICE

Operations Branch

“Honor, Integrity, Courage, Respect & Compassion”

Saturday the 30th of May 2020 was like any other day as a police officer in the City of Pittsburgh. I was working in the capacity of the Department's Crowd Control Team, known as the Special Response Team (SRT), that particular day. When the call came over the radio that there was a crowd of people burning a police vehicle during a protest, I knew this would be the day I had to rely on my training. I was nervous and communicated to my wife what was happening.

Over the course of the following hours, my communication with my wife was sporadic and tense. There were periods of silence and suspense. After several hours of silence, my wife was notified that I was in the hospital for a head injury by one of the nurses. The nurse vehemently insisted that my wife not respond to the hospital due to the extremely unsafe situation downtown. Immediately, my wife contacted family members, friends and church members and requested prayer. After a few hours in the hospital, I was finally released to go home. I sustained a concussion from being struck in the head during the riotous hours.

Over the course of the next few days I received physical therapy and saw physicians regarding the injury. The injury caused me to be placed on Workers Compensation for a period of time. Despite the injury and the aftermath, the most indelible experience was that placed on my wife and children. As a police officer there is no greater fear or harm that can be done to the family than to receive a call or visit from another officer informing you that your loved one was injured or killed.

The emotional distress that gripped my wife and children that Saturday was traumatic and life-scarring. There have been a few times that I have heard and seen my wife entirely overtaken with emotions and that night I got home, I saw my wife profusely weeping along with my children. At that time my daughter was ten years old and my two sons were seven and five years old. Imagine the horror in the mind of a ten, seven and five-year-old when they learn that Dad was in the hospital due to an injury while working? Few occupations carry the weight of yielding your life to a stranger for their protection and the immense burden this places on a family is incalculable. Its effects are permanent.

Respectively,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading 'Andrew Tantanella'.

Officer Andrew Tantanella ~ Badge 4363